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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Of all the depressing and discouraging things in this world, one of the most depressing and discouraging is to sit down and prophesy against a city which will not fall, and will persistently wax fat and prosperous. You plant your little gourd, and get out your air-cushion, and put a palm-leaf in your turban, and go to work cursing and prophesying; and you lift up your voice and wail, and you tell everybody who comes along how the city is going to fall, and the houses thereof are to be utterly wiped out, so that not one stone shall be left upon another, and the people that dwell therein are to be scattered unto the four corners of the earth. And all the time you can see from where you sit that the people are making the high white walls stronger and solidier, and that the sun is shining down upon the busy market-place, and that contentment dwells within the gates, and that the blessing of the Lord is upon that town and upon them that are therein.

It is discouraging to the prophet, there is no doubt about it. He ought to have the charitable sympathy of the passers-by. They ought not to cast jibes and potsherds and specimens of brick at him. But, as a rule, he doesn't get the sympathy, and he does get the brick. You see, there is nothing to a prophet unless he can prophesy. Any man of ordinary lack of intelligence can sit down over against a city and say: "See that wall over there? Well, that's going to fall down before sunset." But if the wall doesn't fall down, he is unlikely to retain his hold upon the affections of the populace. They will gather up the merry jibe of derision and hurl it at him.

It is sad; but it is just what is to be expected in this world of ours. When the allied prophets of the tribe of the Blaineites sit down and foretell the downfall and ruin and failure of the government of reform, the people look, naturally, for the disasters foretold. The disasters do not come. The government prospers. It wins, more and more, the public confidence. Its errors are few, its triumphs many. In peace and harmony it goes about its work. Dull trade begins to awake. The whole body politic shows a healthier life. The wasted curses and prophecies fall by the wayside; and the people laugh at the malcontents who sit outside and make the malicious lamentation of disappointed envy.

Before long, this happy country will have a reformed business system, as well as a reformed political system. The one is needed as much as the other. What jobbery and ring-rule have done for politics, stock-gambling and monopoly have done for business. Trade has been "depressed" (in the popular phrase) mainly because the traders have been in an unhealthy way, morally. Business men have got too far away from the simple old rules of business. They have been too anxious to get rich in a hurry; and in one way or another they have thrown principle aside in their struggles.

The Wards and Fishes and Enos and Scotts have simply stolen money in one way or another; the Boyds—and the yet undetected Boyds are numerous—have taken to cheating the government of its dues. These scamps, of course, end up in jail or in Canada—there isn't much difference between the two places, as far as the society is concerned. But there are thousands of other sinners among our business men who are wronging themselves and their neighbors without absolutely transgressing the written law. Chief among these are such as recklessly over-produce or over-stock, with foreknowledge of what the result must inevitably be.

Our high tariff is one thing that has gone far to strain commercial morality. Business men demand "protection"; but when they get it they writhe under its despotic grip upon their affairs. Jones is tempted to dodge ten per cent of his Custom-House duties, and so be enabled to undersell Smith by five per cent. The same idea having occurred to Smith, it is a prolonged contest of corruption between the two, and the dishonest government employee fills his pockets from both. Nobody—except the perjured errand-boys who take on their young souls the burden of swearing to undervalued invoices—knows to what an extent such work is done in this great mercantile capital of the New World. But the merry errand-boy, did he choose, could tell you that a revival of commercial religion is needed right here and now. Perhaps the revival has started.

With a wild, weird shriek Eulalia started back and confronted her father, the Earl, who, his haughty features contorted as by pain, his dulling eyes filled with a terrible anxiety and suspense, stood dumbly gazing upon his daughter.

It was a moment of agony to both. Neither spoke. An oppressive silence reigned throughout the vast halls of the antique castle. Only the rustling of the silken portières, stirred by the summer breeze, broke the oppressive stillness.

At last, in a voice that was half a sob, Eulalia spoke. "No, father," she said: "I can never comply with your wish. Deeply as it grieves me to refuse you, I must tell you that I cannot—I cannot—forgive me, but I never could."

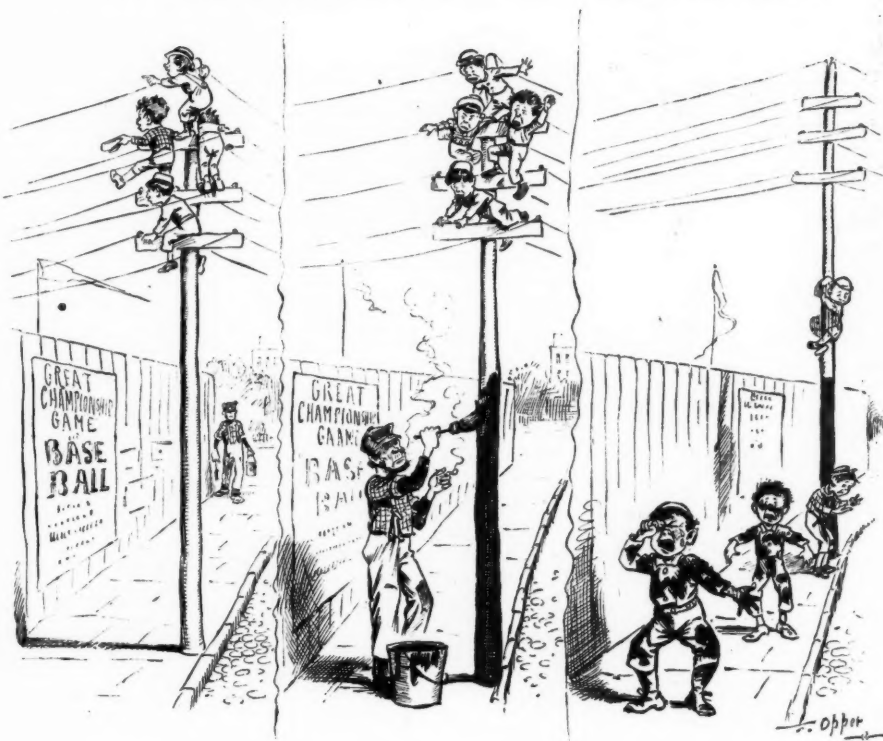
His ancestral pride hopelessly broken, the old man turned from her and went his weary way, murmuring over and over to himself his vain request—alas, he knew it now—how vain, how hopeless!—yet so simple—

"Eulalia, make me some pie!"

The continuation of this interesting serial will not be found in PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop, for 1885; but PICKINGS FROM PUCK will be found at every newsdealer's, price 25 cents.

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IT HAPPENED JUST OUTSIDE THE BALL-GROUNDS.



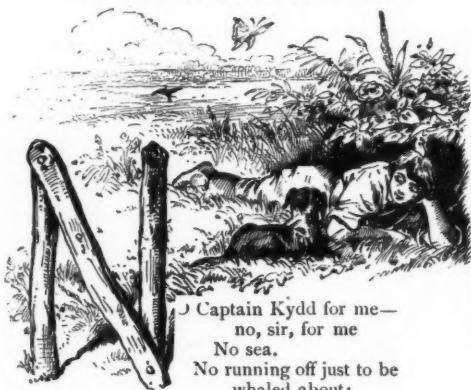
PLEASURE.

BUSINESS vs. PLEASURE.

STERN NECESSITY.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

A REVERY OF YOUTHFUL AMBITION.



Captain Kydd for me—
 no, sir, for me
 No sea.
 No running off just to be
 whaled about;
 I Mout

Get my whole ear knocked out.
 Nor I don't yet
 Feel any hankering after getting wet.
 I don't just see the use
 Of tramping Abyssinia, like old Bruce.
 I've got no taste
 For trojing round in any desert waste.
 Nor I don't care
 For getting lead and powder in my hair,
 Just 'cause Decatur, Nelson and the rest
 Looked upon such amusements as the best.
 I'm in the dark
 As to what fun there was for Mungo Park.
 And I ain't got
 No interest in tournaments and sich—
 I tell you what—
 The kinder sorter style of living which
 Would just about suit me would be to camp
 Out in a haystack—gosh, I somehow feel
 A deal
 As if I was just cut out, core and peel,
 To be a tramp.
 Some boys may like the perils of the sea—
 Not me, sirree—
 Just plain, cheap, common, solid tramp for me!

SOME QUESTIONS.

PERTINENT, IMPERTINENT AND IMPUDENT.

"Why is it," asks Pailleron, in "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie": "that we may always unerringly detect the powerful scientific pamphlet by the fact that its leaves remain uncut?"

This is really a little too easy. Powerful scientific pamphlets have their leaves uncut because no one cares to read them. Is that right? It is? Bouleversed the first time, eh, Mr. Straweron? *Je sourirais!* And that is the hardest thing you know? Well, *je jure!*

Ah, my gay and giddy Gaul, go to. Why have pamphlets their leaves uncut? A question not to be asked. Step into the front rank of investigators and tell me why Ben Butler has a cock-eye. Huh? What do you think of that? Grapple with live issues, man! Why can a hen set on only thirteen eggs, irrespective of the size of the eggs and of the hen? Huh?

You are in the Academy, but if you will just step out on the green I will swipe and moot you over the whole territory of polemics. And afterwards that little polemic of yours about the pamphlet won't look as big to you as the back yard of a doll-house.

Why is caloric hot in summer and cold in winter? You don't know? Then why does a man's hat never look so bad as it does when he goes to get a new one?

And riddle me why ladies always call the whiskey-jug the "brandy-decanter."

Why do the poets try to write of moonlight nights, when "sandy dune" and "swoon" and "Rune" and "boon" and all the good rhymes are retired, and "coon" is so inappropriate?

Why is it that the young lady whose father is newly rich blushes so violently when she begins a remark: "It was about six o'clock last

evening, just as we were sitting down to supper—?"

A man, it is said, cannot lift himself by his boot-straps; now, why are boot-straps not given sufficient strength, so that by hoisting on them a man could elevate himself to a reasonable altitude without being obliged against his will to have recourse to fermented liquors?

Why is it that when a party of young lawyers go mackereling with the "stosh" anointed fisherman, the occasion selected is always one when the joyous mackerels are disporting themselves off Montauk Point, forty miles away?

Why are men obliged to have one shoe designed for the right foot and another especially pointed out in General Orders for the left, when women can and do wear their shoes with the most thoughtless indiscriminatio?

Why is it that the most *nil admirari* and cynical wit considers his own wit witty?

How is it that the dairyman's cows give the same quantity of milk the year around whether they do or not?

Why is it that we go on for years quoting the same few lines from Shakspeare, when there is an inexhaustible number of unquoted lines of equal fitness?

How many hyphens remained in the English language after Mrs. Browning had completed her excellent treatise on wind?

Why do misguided people lay so much stress on small pitchers' having large ears, when large pitchers have not only large ears, but—which is worse—most infernally large mouths?

Why is it that when a man writes about the East he is obliged to call it the "Orient," and his bad verse "A Song"?

Why is it that when he introduces a lot of minarets and tooba-trees and Zuleikahs, he thinks they give his verses a fine poetic flavor, while, in reality, they are not a whit more poetic than town-halls and sour-apple trees and hired-girls?

Why is it that when this writer treats us to a cart-load of Khorhassan, Ivan the Spearman, pearls of faith, red gold and ominous birds of prey, he is said by the critic to have reveled in a wealth of weird Oriental imagery?

Why is it that in these poems everything happens either just before or immediately after the "golden sun has set," with the single exception of the appearance of the scimitar-swinging villain, who as invariably rides by the astonished beholder at exactly midnight, on a foam-flecked steed?

Why should a man catalogue the several names of Allah, when we already have more names of Allah than we can keep our children from using, by Allah, and when the field is open to make a more entertaining treatise on the five hundred cognomens of the Messrs. James?

And why should a man be an Oriental poet, anyway, when, by adopting the profession of mud-shoveler in a sewer, he might so happily cultivate his desire for scientific inquiry, and at the same time so fully gratify his love of adventure? For all day long the shoveler can be estimating the amount of mud that he will get in his boots.

And last of all, M. Pailleron: why is it that the most prudish writer will use the expression, "Damn with faint praise," when under no circumstances, not even when describing the eulogy pronounced on Mr. Burchard by the Republican party, will he write the equal expression, "Damn faint praise"?

It is a singular world, isn't it, Mr. Pailleron? Before you go distracted, you would do well to join one of the learned professions where you would not have to know anything. And in the meantime, take your little pamphlet jest in out of the wet. Lend it to some other mighty scholar among the French to get into the Academy on.

Good-by, old straw-man.

W. FISH.

Putkerings.



A PEAN BY A PROPHET TO A DOOMED TRADITION.

Betty the milkmaid, tripping along,
 With your pail full of milk and your heart full of
 song,
 With the summer sun on your freckled cheek,
 Red as an apple's rosiest streak,
 With your neat print gown and your kerchiefed
 breast,
 And the eyes that young Robin of all loves best,
 With your snowy cap and your saucy air,
 And your pouting lips and your tangled hair—
 I hail you, maid of the dreamy past,
 When things were too picturesque to last,
 I never have seen you myself, I know,
 But yet I believe in you, even so;
 I believe that you linger still somewhere,
 And where that "where" may be, I don't care;
 And I love to believe that from time to time
 I can throw you the gift of a poet's rhyme,
 For I see before me the stupid years
 When e'en your tradition disappears,
 And the poet who touches his viol string,
 With lacteal fervor will have to sing
 Of a grimy machine with a walking-beam
 That will milk a whole farm-yard of cows—by
 steam.

WHEN TWO deaf mutes get mad at each other they never speak with their hands as they pass by.

AN EXCHANGE speaks of "the good-natured girl." We have all heard of her. She works in some other family.

NO, JANET, we do not think we should care to read a poem entitled "Lines to a Summer Resort." The only kind we have any use for are railway and steamboat lines.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE dog carried the scarlet fever into five different families. The name of the doctor the dog belongs to is not stated. He has our congratulations, however.

A CHICAGO MAN has written a pamphlet entitled "Hard Times and How to Mend Them for Ten Cents." Here is the man to mend the navy. Let Mr. Whitney write to him at once.

"DON'T WEAR your eye-glasses too tight," says an exchange. There is wisdom in this advice. If there is any part of a man's person that should be perfectly sober, it is his eye-glasses.

"THE HENS of Kansas are said to produce five times as much as the orchards of the same state." From this we infer that the hens of Kansas do not produce apples. Well, we are not surprised.

A THIEF WHO stole a watch from Jonas Reach, of Iowa, eighteen years ago, returned it to him by express the other day. It is easier to return some watches than to keep them in repair.

MR. WATERBURY'S GLOVES.

A TALE OF SORROW AND GUNPOWDER.

CHAPTER ONE.

Mr. William Waterbury had a memory. It is necessary to announce this fact in natural history, because some authorities say that he had none. People tried to settle the difficulty by asking him whether he had or not; but he never could remember.

In his early days he had been known to arise in the morning, eat his breakfast, and then go back to his room, undress and go to bed. This was because he had forgotten whether it was morning or night. He frequently forgot to eat his breakfast, being under the impression that he had already done so.

Once he was nominated for an office—I forget what it was; but it was something like Lord High Keeper of the Town Pump, or Honorable Guardian of the Village Idiot, or some other brain-wrecking position of that sort. William Waterbury was not the sort of man to be nominated for a sinecure, because he would have forgotten that he held the office. He required something that would keep his mind centred on it.

Well, he was nominated, as I have said, for this responsible position, and was elected. After he had been in office two months, the paper of the opposition party came out and showed that the old man didn't know he held the office, and had never attended to a single duty pertaining to it. At the next election Mr. Waterbury was not elected by a majority of 247 to 1.

I said Mr. William Waterbury had a memory, and I'm going to stick to that proposition as long as there is life in this poor framework of mine, because no one has ever established the fact that he didn't.

I admit that he never remembered anything. I admit that because my stock of logic and cheek is not big enough to disprove it. But that doesn't show that he had no memory. It only shows that the memory wasn't in good running order. It wanted greasing.

One time Mr. Waterbury bought a pair of gloves. He didn't do that often. He wore those gloves about four years. Then they began to show signs of age. One of them had no thumb, and most of the palm was gone out of the other. But Mr. Waterbury didn't mind that. He forgot that they had not always looked like that.

Mrs. Waterbury did not like it. She did at first; but in the course of time even a woman will get tired. Every morning after breakfast Mrs. Waterbury used to call her son.

"John," she would say: "bring your father's gloves till I mend them."

"All right, mother," John would say: "which part of them will you have? Do you want to put new fingers on the palms, or new palms on the fingers?"

"Bring along both parts, John, and I'll see what I can do with them."

And so every morning the patient woman used to darn those gloves. If she had been a man, she would have d—but no matter.

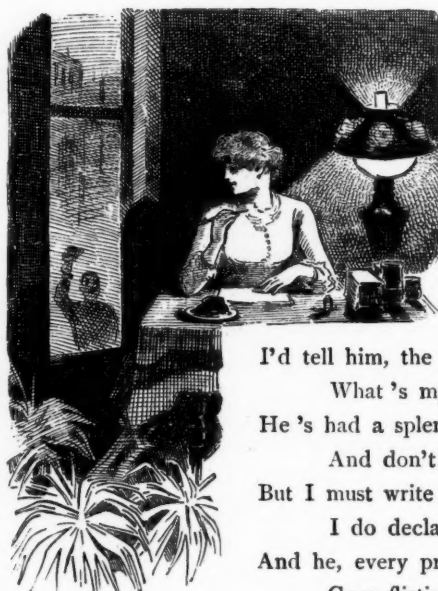
CHAPTER TWO.

John Waterbury, son of the aforesaid, was a young man. That is to say, he was no longer what might be called a boy. Time and tide will take the boy out of almost anything of the male species, saving and except the brindled William Goat and the dark-gray T. Cat.

John Waterbury was fond of shooting. He owned a gun, and had practised long and faithfully at shooting at a mark. By dint of assiduity and plenty of No. 8 shot, he had acquired skill enough to enable him to hit a hen—a hen sitting.

He wasn't dead sure on a rooster, because a

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

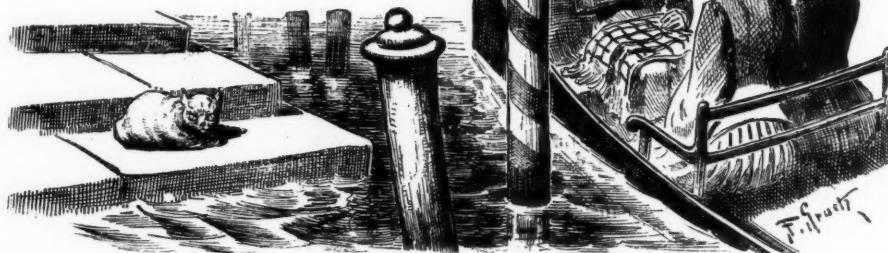


HERE'S the last letter I had from Will,
Written at Venice, you see:
He's met Sadie and Jessie M'Gill—
They "spoke so nicely" of me!
Sadie M'Gill! Don't I know her ways,
Her smile and soft little tone?
She's very sweet and gentle, he says—
She'd better leave Will alone.

I'd tell him, the very next mail, be sure,
What's my opinion of it.
He's had a splendid time on this tour,
And don't care for me one bit.
But I must write so soon and so sweet—
I do declare it's too bad!—
And he, every pretty face he'll meet,
Goes flirting away like mad!

I'm not jealous. Of course I don't care;
But—well—we're engaged, you know,
And, truly, now, don't it seem unfair
For Willie to tease me so?
And then—I can't find much fault, you see,
For fear he'd say something back:
Both those girls chatter so—why—that he—
Suppose they tell him about Jack!

RUTH HALL.



rooster, not being addicted to the egg habit, could not be depended upon to remain long at anchor.

But John could hit a bird sitting four times out of seven, which is a pretty good average for a cross-eyed youth with a single-barreled gun.

One day John's mother, whose sight was almost as good as her husband's memory—this is a heaven-born family I'm writing about—went into the house in a state of great excitement.

"John," she cried: "come out, quick! There is a bald-headed quail up in the cherry-tree."

"Hold on, mother, till I load my gun!" exclaimed John.

And he proceeded to ram down three drams of powder and an ounce and a quarter of shot on top of the load he hadn't shot out the day before. John didn't know what a holiday he was preparing for himself. John used to have a good deal of fun in a quiet, innocent sort of way, sometimes.

John went out and looked for the quail. He looked on the wrong side of the tree.

"Mother, where is it?"

"On the left hand side of the tree," exclaimed Mrs. Waterbury.

John proceeded to look on the right-hand

side, and then he saw the bird. John always saw that way.

"Bang!"

"That was the gun."

It was one of John's four times out of seven, and he fairly riddled the quail with shot. He paralyzed most of the cherry-tree, too, with the two ounces and a half of shot that went out of the gun.

When John had arisen to his feet and recovered his senses, he saw his mother coming toward him with the quail.

"Oh, John," she said: "it isn't a quail; it is your father's gloves. He has been looking for them all day. He must have left them up there yesterday."

"Mother," said John, solemnly, as he rubbed his shoulder: "I don't think you can mend those gloves any more."

And then they sang the 713th hymn, omitting the eighth and ninth stanzas.

W. J. HENDERSON.

"ON WHATEVER side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his wonderful invention." On whatever side we contemplate John L. Sullivan, what principally strikes us is his fist.

MAUD: A ROMANCE OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

When Helen skipped with Paris by the light of the moon she was not a birdling; she daltied in the shadiness of forty. Musty pages duplicate Helen's little affair several times, and the more modern historian simply bubbles over with account of the fascination and the disastrous results of mellowed beauty. Notwithstanding, however, the historian's copious compilation, he skims altogether too lightly the drifting sands; he leaves many little affairs as interesting as even Helen's to the airy pick of the imaginative discoverer.

The tomb-stone of Robinson Crusoe, for instance, towers like an obelisk amidst the sand-drifts of the South Seas, while his sister's grave goes unmarked. Not only is her grave unmarked and unsung, but undug; and the romance of her life—her elopement at an age surpassing Helen's, and with a personage no less celebrated in history than Paris—is left to the modestly herein-before-mentioned discoverer and his trusty stub-pen.

Friday was not a handsome man,* but Miss Crusoe permitted herself, with much enthusiasm, to fancy that he was. Her fancy did not exact much permission; it was predisposed to favor. For at this, the most interesting

had never yet realized how true it is—though she felt sure, when she sorrowed most, that it must be true—that there's something so sweet in life that there's nothing else in all besides that's half so sweet; but she registered daily



—Robinson Crusoe's Sister—

and nightly a vow to the pitying angels to let no opportunity escape her. So the day she and Robinson gathered up those shells on the shore, and she suddenly and excitedly pointed out to him Mr. Friday's recent tracks in the sand, Maud Crusoe felt that her directing finger was the humble instrument of Fate.

The tracks, which Robinson at first thought might possibly have been made, in an unguarded moment, and her shoes off, by Maud herself, went about in a circle for a time—as though Friday had lost his pocket-compass, or had indulged too freely in koumiss; but he was found not far away, seated on a jutting rock, and looking dreamily out over the waste of water and dangling his feet in it. So lost was Friday in his idle dream that in a few minutes more he would surely have been drowned by the rapidly rising tide; but Maud Crusoe's silvery voice aroused him: she saved his life. Robinson's shadow fell across the water to where Friday sat, and over this fragile bridge he landed in safety. Maud Crusoe's weird beauty, coupled with her life-saving feat and

her inflammable predisposition, wrought its perfect work.

In the untrammelled region bounded by the two great oceans and Maine and Mexico, no censorship bridles the press: nor does it in San Fernandez; and on the third morning after Friday's introduction to the family, Robinson Crusoe, over his coffee and morning paper, came across these startling head-lines:

GONE OFF WITH THE HIRED-MAN.

MAUD AND HER DUSKY LOVER.

Miss Maud Crusoe and—

*** Robinson rushed to his sister's apartments.

The *Daily Sensation*, in the two columns following the startling head-lines, told the truth with a fidelity to detail that savored of shorthand notes and photographic apparatus on the spot. Robinson did not know before this that he snored; but the *Sensation* asserted that "as the daring lady stepped over the blushing window-sill and slid down the bed-cord, the moon hid bashfully behind a convenient cloud, and everything within the stockade, including the goats, snored loudly." And there dangled the bed-cord to prove it.



—Robinson pursued them—

Robinson pursued, but never overtook them. They had taken advantage of low tide; and by morning their tracks—incredible as it may seem—were as completely obliterated as though each one of them had represented a letter of that glowing confession. "Agnes, I love thee," in the sands of the Baltic. B. ZIM.



—Friday was not a handsome man—

period of Maud Crusoe's life, she owned up to forty—and the birth-records in the Crusoe family Bible more than substantiated her—and she

* The artist will please give Friday a pair of large bare feet. The discoverer of this romance is himself almost as much artist as discoverer, but his raw feet are never well done, unless in shoes.

A CHEAP SHOW.

BRIGGS.—"It was a wonderful sight. Wouldn't have missed it for ten dollars. It was the greatest aggregation of snakes and lizards I ever saw in my life."

JONES (*with interest*).—"How much did it cost you?"

BRIGGS.—"Twenty-five cents only."

JONES.—"Where was it? I'd like to see it, too."

BRIGGS.—"You just go to the saloon around the corner and ask for whiskey."

AN ANXIOUS inquirer says: "I have a fine pear-tree that always blossoms full, but bears only a few specimens. Can anything be done to make it bear?" Yes, sir. Load your shot-gun right up to the muzzle, and "lay for" the son of the farmer who lives next door.

MR. STOWELL once observed: "If the heart be given, all is given." That is about all an Italian prince usually has to give when he marries an American heiress.

PHYSICIANS APPEAR to be very hard to satisfy. If their patients get well they lose them, and if they die they also lose them.

CONSISTENCY.

He wore a full suit of black, and a weed on his hat, and he eyed his drink with extreme disfavor.

"Why do you drink that mess?" inquired a friend.

"Duty, old man."

"What is it?"

"Rum and molasses," said the drinker: "Since my poor aunt died I have drunk nothing but Black Strap, out of respect to her memory."

CHICAGO BOASTS of a dentist who fills teeth "like an angel." It seems to us that for such a peculiarly talented man Chicago must be a very poor place for business.

"WE ARE indebted to Pompeii for our great industry of canned fruits," says an exchange. Very few of the cans have ever been discovered, and neither history nor Bulwer tells much about the prevalence of goats in the neighborhood of Vesuvius.

WHAT IS the best grass for permanent pasture on damp land? That's what you want to know, is it? Blue-grass, dear boy; that will keep out the dampness beautifully. Real old Kentucky blue-grass. Try it,

IN REVERY SWEET.

I lean far out on my window-sill,
Watching the twinkling stars at play;
In a revery sweet,
Across the street,
To my ears the tones of a zither stray,
Borne on the midnight calm and still.

Is it, perchance, some maiden fair,
Touching her strings with her dainty hand,
In a revery sweet,
Across the street,
Twining about me a mystic band,
With that sighing, soothing, sobbing air?

Ah! could she know I listen here,
Conjuring up her face in thought,
In a revery sweet,
Across the street,
Pondering over what time has taught—
That a single life is void and drear!

Would she then list to my loving tale,
Which even now I burn to tell,
In a revery sweet,
Across the street?
Would she then say that it was well?
Or would my words of passion fail?

While I wonder the melody dies away,
I turn from the stars to woo soft sleep,
In a revery sweet,
Across the street,
And soon am wrapped in a slumber deep,
Which is broken at last by the orb of day.

N. B.—*nota bene*—note well, I say,
’Twas no fair damsel who woke that chord,
In a revery sweet,
Across the street,
But a lank professor, who earns his board
Playing in beer-saloons all day.

L. ARCY.

THE BAGMAN'S STORY.

ADAPTED FROM ANY ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

It was a cold winter's night in the latter
part—

No, on second thoughts—
The biting wind came howling across the
downs, and—

Well—at any rate, it was a nasty night. And
as the door of the cosy Red Lion closed behind

me, and shut out the blessed vision of purl and
dog's-nose and flip and other beverages of
English Fiction that sound a good deal better
than they taste, the night seemed to take on a
blackier cast in contrast to the comfort within.
All Bagmen have noticed this peculiarity of
nights.

I had a long journey before me, and in the
pockets of my trousers was concealed the sum of
£4,999.17.6—say four thousand nine hundred
and ninety-nine pun, seventeen and six. I had
received this from mine host of the Red Lion
in change for a £5,000 note, which I had been
obliged to tender him in payment for my last
round, as I had nothing smaller.

Hence it was that, notwithstanding the large
amount of fluid courage I had concealed be-
neath my waistcoat, I felt a trifle timid. How-
ever, I buttoned my great-coat closely about
me, and pushed deviously out into the night.

My way lay through Sheepscot Street and Pie
Lane to High Horsebarn and the Henery, a
lonely walk at all times, as the reader knows, or
will pretend to, rather than own to never hav-
ing been in Lunnon, and absolutely deserted
at this late hour.

I had gone perhaps half-a-mile when I be-
came conscious that I was being followed. I
stopped and peered into the darkness. An op-
portune flash of lightning revealed the dark and
sinister features of a man whom I remembered
to have seen in the coffee-room of the Red
Lion.

[We have taken the liberty of eliminating at
this point thirty-seven sheets of MS., solely de-
signed by the writer to increase the amount of
our check, at regular column rates.—*Ed.*]

I had reached the loneliest part of the Hen-
ery, and was congratulating myself upon hav-
ing eluded my pursuer, when I suddenly beheld
him standing directly in my path. He held a
large pistol in each hand, and through the dark-
ness I could see his fierce eyes glaring into mine.
I had not time to speak or move before he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but can you direct
me to a gunsmith's? I am a stranger in town."

I gave him the required information; but my
hair, which had been of raven blackness when
I left the Red Lion, has become white as snow
during the fifty years that have elapsed since
that night.

F. E. CHASE.

THE CATSKILL FARMER.



Old tamaracks sigh round my thatch,
My little grange beside the brook,
Two acres make my stony patch,
The farm the mountains overlook,
Along the heights the cloudlets go
And summer boarders hither flow.

We feed our cows on baled hay,
Our butter that so well doth go
It is no kin of cheese or whey,
But prime Manhattan oleo,
And every morn the milkmaid spy
Goes out to milk the cow that 's dry.

The mountain spring so crystal clear,
The bubbling spring that ne'er is dry,
A sweet and dainty meadow mere
All moss and pebbles to the eye,
It is a barrel snug and tight,
The farmer fills it every night.

We ever have abundant store
Of luscious fruit, a tempting sight,
Our peaches come from Baltimore,
Our purple plums from Bemis Height,
Three leagues away grow red wild cherries,
Crab-apples, grapes and huckleberries.

Our sweet-potatos, Southern born,
Raised by a Carolina moke,
Our tender, sweet and juicy corn,
Asparagus, and artichoke—
From New York come, with our tomatos,
Our cauliflower, and our potatoes.

And what upon the farm raise we?
Is nothing there that ever grows?
Ah, tourist, yes, we raise our tea,
For fruitful is the briery close—
Boneset, and catnip, and, to boot,
A rich red crop of sassafras-root.

The catnip brought on steaming trays
Is rich at morn as fragrant wine,
The sassafras's vapory haze
Is sweet at noontide when we dine,
And on great days the boarders get
All they can drink of old boneset.

We keep four gentle bleating sheep
To feed or frolic on the wold,
That boarders fair may play "Bo-Peep"
And joy to see them snug in fold;
To make the farm a rustic thing
We hire the lambkins every spring.

We keep in his mysterious lair,
And sometimes on the boarders spring,
A toothless, tame old circus bear,
I may as well let out the thing:
It makes the savage Catskills known,
And draws the city like loadstone.

L. H. TUPPER.

THE JERSEY MOSQUITO.



"WELL, I WOULDN'T 'A' BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT!"

THE AQUATIC young man is now busy in
reading all the books on seamanship he can
find, and will soon be able to distinguish the
difference between the bob-stay and the main-
peak halyards. He will, in the course of a
week or two, know the difference between a
tack and a tenpenny nail, and between a hatch-
way and a chicken-coop. But when he goes
out on his first yacht-race, and gets off Sandy
Hook in half-a-gale of wind, he will not know
whether he is in the cock-pit or the bottomless
pit; and, what's more, he will not care.

THAT TERRIFIC PACE;

OR,
A CAR HORSE'S TERRIBLE FATE.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Scene: J-KE SH-RP's car stables, corner Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street. Time: Midnight.

Dramatis Personæ.

FORMER STAGE HORSE; REGULAR CAR HORSE;
HOSTLER.

(Enter HOSTLER leading in FORMER STAGE HORSE, who is almost broken down with the day's work.)

H. (angrily, to F. S. H.)—Get in there. (Pushes him into a stall next to the one in which the REGULAR CAR HORSE, a cripple, is. F. S. H. neighs softly on seeing R. C. H., and H., thinking he is murmuring, deals him a kick in the stomach. This causes the victim to give vent to a sound very much like "Humph!" and thereupon the H., who, though it may be a needless reminder, has just had a beer or two, falls to giving the brute such a beating that all the other horses, thinking the sound that of the approaching footsteps of J. S. himself, brace up and look very chipper. After F. S. H. appears to be resigned, H. makes up his bed and retires for the night through a side exit to Fiftieth Street.)

F. S. H. (heaving a sigh).—Oh! dear.

R. C. H. (who has watched the recent attempt at annihilation).—What's the matter?

F. S. H.—Nothing; only I think I'm dying. R. C. H. (excitedly).—Dying? Great Heavens! I'll call the porter, and get you a glass of brandy.

F. S. H. (restraining him).—Pray don't trouble yourself, for I would like to die. I don't think, however, I shall have the pleasure now, for I am reviving—my breath is coming back to me.

R. C. H.—Why, how did you lose it?

F. S. H.—Don't you know I'm on the Broadway line?

R. C. H.—Oh! I see.

F. S. H.—Yes, I've been on the run all day—no let-up at all. I find this so different from pulling stages. When I was doing that I was a little better off.

R. C. H.—How do you mean?

F. S. H.—Well, I wasn't rushed then as I am now. You see, we used to have frequent blockades going up Broadway; but now there are no obstructions, and we go lickety-split from the Battery to Central Park.

R. C. H.—Oh! but you're not used to the work yet.

F. S. H.—No, and I don't ever expect to get used to it, either. I've traveled too long at a certain slow pace to be broken, successfully, to come from the Fifth Avenue Hotel down to City Hall in sixteen minutes, as we did the other day. I feel that my heart is diseased and I'm no good any more.

R. C. H.—But the drivers may not keep up such a hot pace always.

F. S. H.—They can't help themselves—they are acting under orders.

R. C. H.—Acting under orders? What do you mean?

F. S. H.—I mean that the first day the road was opened, the boss called all the drivers together and told them they must rush us like mad for the first week, anyhow. What to do after that he said he would let them know.

R. C. H.—How mean!

F. S. H.—Yes, and so that they would rush us, he put on a large number of cars, so that if we did not start from the terminus at each end of the road within a minute after we reached it, a blockade would be formed, and the driver who caused the trouble would be discharged.

R. C. H.—Only a minute's rest? When do you get watered?

AS YET UNANSWERED.



"Tempransh? yesir, I b'lieve in tempransh—tempransh in ushe of liquors. Thash reason I drink braddy 'n' whishk. How's er man goin' t' show tempransh in ushe of liquors if he shticks t' sheltzer 'n' shings like zhat, way you do?"

F. S. H.—Oh, we never get watered the way we should. All the man does is to hold the pail to our mouths, and before we can get enough breath to suck up a little water, he takes it away from us.

R. C. H.—Don't you get any water at all?

F. S. H.—Oh, when we get very dry, we fall down in a sort of fit. Then the driver squeezes a sponge soaked with water into our mouths, and after he does that two or three times we get up.

(A pause, during which both horses keep quiet.)

F. S. H. (breaking the spell).—Say.

R. C. H.—Well, what do you want?

F. S. H.—I suppose you know my mate was very fortunate.

R. C. H.—Why, no; tell me about it.

F. S. H.—There's not much to tell. We both fell into one of the holes the Steam-Heating Company was making at Reade Street. My mate was killed; but I, unfortunate one, escaped.

R. C. H.—Unfortunate? I think you were very fortunate.

F. S. H.—I don't. I'd rather be my mate, now, than be myself. But, alas! such is life.

(Another pause, during which, etc. A strange noise is heard.)

R. C. H.—What's that?

F. S. H.—Nothing; only my breathing.

R. C. H.—I thought it was somebody trying to file open the iron shutters.

F. S. H. (in a sad tone).—No; only my breathing.

(Another pause; only this time the "strange noise" is heard louder than ever.)

R. C. H.—Say, you ought to take something for that heart of yours.

F. S. H. (rather low).—Yes. (A pause.) Say, do you see anything funny?

R. C. H. (a little scared).—N—n—no.

F. S. H.—Why, I see all my friends, now, and they're all feeding on the banks of a lovely river! They're not working—they're only feeding. (In a lower tone.) Why, there's my friends, and I can see them clearer! I'm thirsty, and I want to drink from that lovely river. I'm nearing it—nearing it—and now I've got it.

(A scuffle; then a thud and a gurgling sound tells that he has tasted of the waters of the "lovely river"; but it is too late. The F. S. H. is no longer. Morning. Enter H. Sees the F. S. H. Tableau.

YANK THE CURTAIN DOWN.

A. H. E.

GONE,
But Not Forgotten.

The past age
Stage
No more
Will bore
Us.
Cuss
The 'bus!
For many a day
Along Broadway,
In winter freezing, sneezing,
In summer roasting, toasting,
We rode,
A load
Of fools,
Mules!
Up and down
The town
In that old lumbering thing,
The deposed Broadway king,
'Twas rough,
Tough!
But there—enough.
C. V. TEIXEIRA.

WHAT KIND of dog should a Wall Street man have? A pointer? Oh, no, James; a retriever.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Being pressed by the inquiries of many anxious friends, the undersigned has been paying considerable attention of late to the condition of the country, and has opened correspondence with many authorities. We are satisfied that a gloomy future will soon engulf us. Here are some of the opinions received in answer to our inquiries:

The greatest difficulty under which we labor is want of confidence.—James D. Fish.

Business is restricted in this locality by the narrow views of the inhabitants.—Ferdinand Ward.

Stocks and securities are very uncertain.—James Keene.

Life is quite insecure.—Richard Short.

Our liberties are imperiled.—Riel.

People are disposed to look back too much at the past, without inaugurating new enterprises for the future.—R. B. Hayes.

Real estate is bound to come down.—Buddensiek.

Rents are sure to go up.—Wm. B. Astor.

I am at a loss to account for the present status of affairs.—Charley Ross.

Timber is steadily falling.—Philetus Sawyer.

Our banks are unsafe. [This is the tenor of seventy-five letters received from Canada.]

Stocks are being watered too much for the general welfare.—Jay Gould.

Too many people are investing money in government securities, and thus withdrawing it from circulation.—Wm. H. Vanderbilt.

The only cheerful report comes from a point in the far Northwest, stating that wheat is coming up. In view of the extremely doleful expressions from so many reliable parties qualified by experience to judge, I am now preparing to emigrate to the Afghan frontier, as the safest place on the globe. PET R. O'LEUM.

Answers for the Anxious.

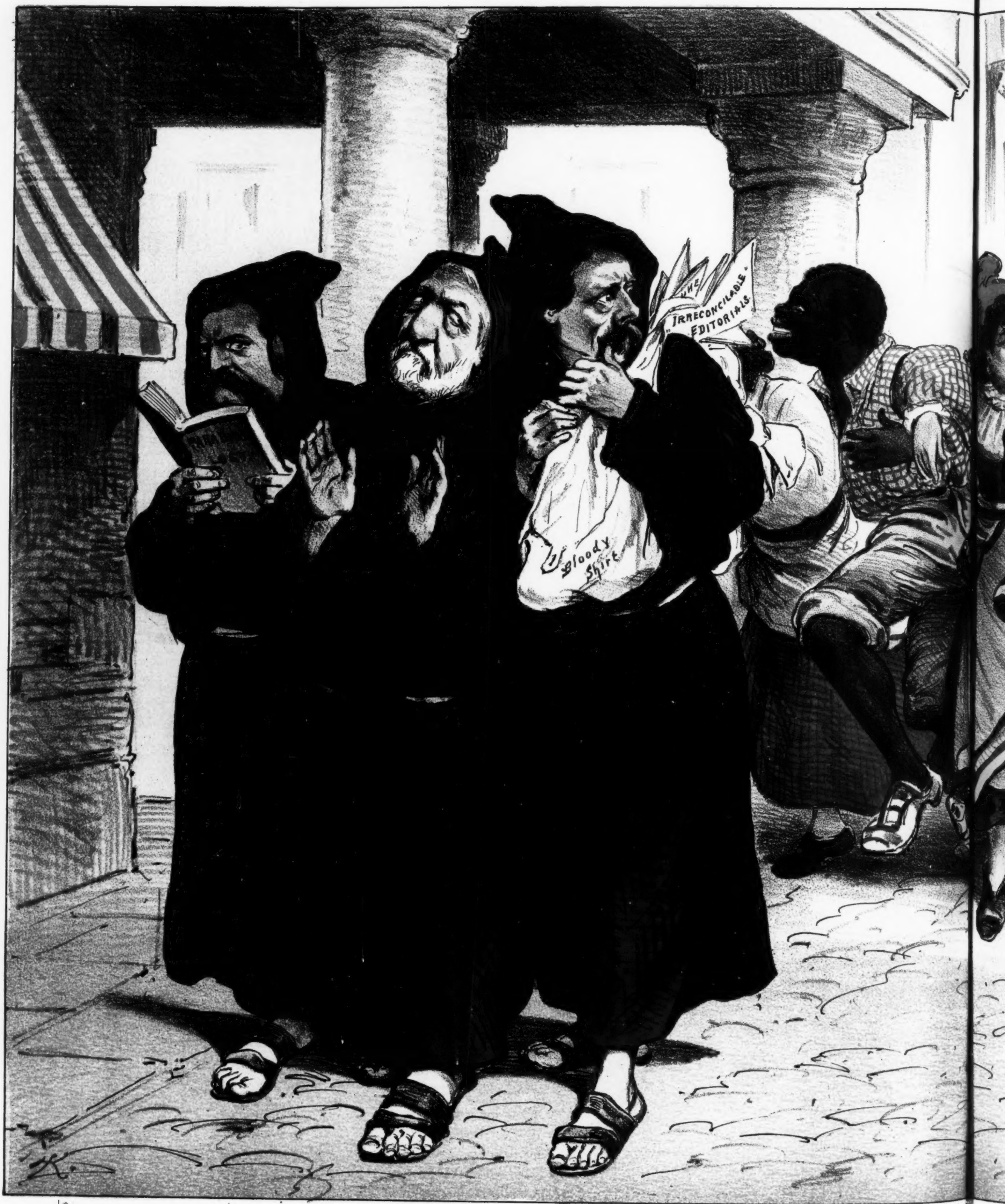
H. S. TOMER.—Please send address.

J. L. G., Boston.—Thanks—but aren't you a little late?

W. M. E.—We have read your ode to a banana-skin. You have slipped up this time.

H. G.—When you undertake to write poetry again do not endeavor to break the spinal column of the American language by making "moonbeams" rhyme with "June seems." Men have died, and worms have eaten them for less than that.

G. P. G.—Your "Ecstasy" speaks well for the maiden who inspired it; but it won't do much to elevate your muse to that proud position on the pinnacle of fame where she can sit and smile and corral editorial checks for amusement.





DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Damon, gentle reader, was a dorg, and Pythias, likewise, was a purp.

One belonged to the writer, and the other was the pet of a neighboring household.



Damon, a sweet-tempered, mischievous-looking, double-ended Skye, who fully exemplified in the similarity of his head and his tail the force of the remark, "the first shall be last and the last first," graced my festive household, while Pythias, a British lion in miniature, belonged to my neighbor.

At an early age they met and became fast friends, Damon being probably the faster of the two, although Pythias, with a caudably appended can which sometimes appeared in his system after an afternoon with some boys, was of a no mean order of swiftness.

Together always, they were more economical than dogs usually are; for where Damon became a wandering sheep and did not love his fold, Pythias would likewise become a prodigal son, and a single reward of five dollars would bring back both dogs, where ten would otherwise have been required. When I and my neighbor first discovered the tie which bound our houses together, we "pooled" on the dog question, and in many little ways did all we could to foster the attachment.

When Damon was elicited from the dog-catchers for the consideration of a five-dollar bill, no power on earth could hold Pythias in bondage; and if perchance I had taken pecuniary charge in the matter, I would issue a sight-draft on my neighbor for two dollars and a half, and he, under similar circumstances, would do likewise. To do the dogs justice, they gave us little trouble in this way, although when they finally were lost to us, my neighbor and I discovered that had we consented to let our canine friends go upon every such occasion, and put the money thus expended into a dog fund, we would at the end of the year have had enough to purchase two new dogs apiece each week.

This was indeed a startling revelation to us, but we were glad we had not discovered it before, as we might have been sorely tempted into a dog speculation, which could not have been other than disastrous. Besides, such a course would have entailed upon us too great an amount of training, as the average dog is sadly deficient in many ways that characterize good society.

But to return to our dogs.

Whatever Damon had he would share with Pythias, and whenever Pythias came in for an especially good thing, Damon was sure to get his share.

Of my neighbor's two new slippers, one was invariably to be found in my parlor under the piano, and as regularly as day came my neighbor would call to his little boy and tell him to go over to Jones's dining-room

and get his left golosh. On the other hand, I was sometimes much embarrassed, when calling upon my neighbor's wife, to find the undoubted remains of a mutton-bone, which I distinctly remembered transferring to Damon at dinner, on the divan in the library. Sometimes the situation would be reversed, and it was a peculiarly dull day for the dogs that I could not tell what kind of meat my neighbor had had the day before, or *vice versa*.

Their especial delight, however, seemed to be in tormenting a peculiar-looking animal which belonged to a Mr. Smithers, who lived in the block below us. Mr. Smithers's dog was one evidently born to be tormented. He was a very difficult dog to describe. The fact that, although a gentlemanly animal, he was called Cleopatra, because, as Shakspeare remarked:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety,"

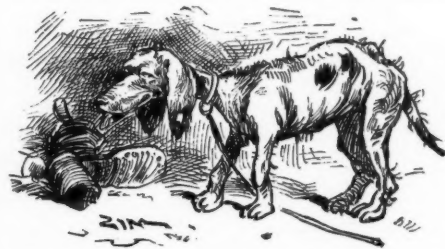
shows that even at home he was considered remarkable in appearance.

Cleopatra, then, as he was called, was the object of ridicule and contempt on the part of both Damon and Pythias, who showed, by their neglect of another specimen of animal life near by, that they considered him "more fun than a goat." It was, perhaps, the spheroid of hair on the extreme end of Cleopatra's tail that excited their ridicule; it might have been the French goatee and Montagues which Cleopatra wore on his face that excited their envy, or it might have been that their contempt was excited by the war-map appearance of Cleopatra's general person. None can tell. Certain it was that they had a strong animus against him.

Damon would meet the poor brute in a side street, and, as if oblivious of the feelings of the owner, would begin to play with the spheroid of hair as if it were a rubber ball. Cleopatra would remonstrate and bravely face his enemy, when Pythias would steal quietly from the other side and have his innings. By the time Cleopatra got away from his adversaries, he had gratified so much that he reached home, to all intents and purposes, intoxicated, and although a dog of undoubted moral character, he acquired the reputation of a hopeless inebriate.

As far as I could see, our two inseparables never quarreled, except over things they did not and could not have. It had been my custom, on occasions when I had company in my

parlor, to protect them against the attentions which Damon and Pythias liked to bestow. For instance, stealing handkerchiefs from guests' pockets and giving a tug-of-war exhibition with



them; or lying flat on their backs and chewing all the shine off a patent-leather shoe, choosing such a position that the guest could not well kick them off without smashing some *bric-à-brac*.

On such occasions I would show the dogs a piece of cake—of which they were inordinately fond—and which I would place out of their reach in the room where they were. There they would stay awaiting the distribution, content to remain away from all human presence, without a semblance of a yelp.

"Hope"—and cake—"deferred maketh the heart sick," and during these minutes of anticipation Damon would grow irritable and Pythias uncomfortable and restless. At times they would growl and walk around each other immediately below where the cake was placed, eyeing each other ominously the while. But they never grappled until once, and then the end came.

A thoughtless boy happened in the room upon one of these days, when the dogs were undergoing their usual cake-walk. Now, it so happens that as no dog can refrain from taking a hand in a cat-fight, no boy can restrain his inclinations for widening the breach between two dogs of strained relations. This boy, seeing how matters stood, leaned over toward the quarrelling friends, and pushing Damon's hind-legs forward and bringing Pythias's nose in contact with Damon's ear, uttered that mystic word which no living dog can resist: "Sickem."

And the dogs sickened.

The combat was terrible. Damon grabbed Pythias by the hind-leg, while Pythias inserted his teeth in the middle of Damon's spine. Then Pythias fell over backwards, Damon on top. A moment elapsed and the positions were reversed, Damon underneath, but

with a firm grip on Pythias's lower jaw, while Pythias in turn had Damon's upper jaw fast in his fangs.

Suddenly both seemed to brace for one last mighty effort. And it was mighty.

With set faces and tails wagging, each dog gave a great convulsive gulp, and, strange to relate, both disappeared from sight.

Damon and Pythias had swallowed each other.

SHAK JONES.

A PUGILISTIC PARADOX.



"What's the matter with your head?"

"Nothing—only been learning the manly art of self-defense."

If you 'd get around hard luck,
If sad fate to earth you 'd buck,
If you 'd be a happy duck,
And kind Fortune's orange suck,
If gay smiles from fate you 'd pluck,
If you 'd be fat as Friar Tuck,
And as jolly, you must chuck
Out your cash; you won't be stuck
On the festive PICKINGS FROM PUCK.
Price, twenty-five cents.
Of all newsdealers.

DOLORES DOLORUM.

As sea spray up-tossed on the shingle,
 As glimmering brine on the beach,
 The salt and the pepper commingle
 And season the dishes in reach.
 He feasts on the oysters thick clustered;
 With never a pause or a halt,
 He sprinkles the cold lamb with mustard,
 The fried eggs with salt.

With surfeit of things without number,
 And wines of the vintages past,
 He is buried in Lethean slumber,
 As a demon in fetters held fast.
 Like ghastly grim shapes in the gloaming,
 Phantasms that glare as they gleam,
 Dim fantasies, withered and roaming,
 Disfigure each dream.

As a scared urchin flees from a wide board
 Upraised by a fatherly hand;
 As a frightened cat springs from the side-
 board

At the sound of a lady's command;
 So he leaps from his horrible dreaming
 Like a ghost in a ruin of rage,
 His bosom with eagerness teeming
 His fangs to assuage.

As a star from its crystalline setting
 Swift blown of the boreal breeze,
 He flies through the darkness, forgetting
 The nebulous night as he flees.
 With passionate wish to recover
 From venomous hurts that he feels,
 He seeks with the speed of a lover
 The wise man that heals.

Discrowned of his hat and his raiment,
 He asks what the banquet avails
 That hath for reward and repayment
 The nocturnal pang that assails.
 What profit the feast and the dining
 If it be but at last to attain
 This ultimate doleful repining
 And dolorous pain?

J. A. MACON.

Auspicious Opening of the Long Island Sketching Season.



ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO ARTISTS TO EVERY WINDMILL.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. PETER JILL.

Peter Jill was born nearsighted. When he was a chubby-faced infant it took him months to make the acquaintance of his own fingers. Owing to his defective vision, the only way he could tell whether they belonged to him was by tasting them. As he grew older, his ears and sense of feeling gradually took the place of his eyes, and he reached the age of pantaloons and top-boots before his defect was noticed and remedied by a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, made of miniature telescope lenses, without which he could not have told a bee from a boiled owl six inches away from the tip of his nose. As years rolled past Peter grew to the age of manhood, acquired an envied position in business circles, married his partner's daughter, and forty years from the time of his entry into this world found him corpulent, wealthy and respected, but still as near-sighted as at first.

"I think I shall be out pretty late this evening," remarked Peter to Mrs. Jill, one morning last week: "I may not be home to dinner at all."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Jill, anxiously, for Peter was a model husband.

"The members of our exchange are going to give Mr. Fogarty a little dinner to-night in honor of his return from Europe, and I may drop in on them. I'll be home early, though, and you mustn't worry."

Mrs. Jill promised not to let his absence cause her any unnecessary sorrow, and with a kiss they parted. But alas for human expectations, alas for promises made in the morning.

Ten o'clock that evening found Mr. Jill at one end of a long table in the spacious dining-hall of the St. Patrick Hotel. Extending from Mr. Jill to the other end of the table were two rows of wine-glasses, behind each of which was a smiling face. At the other end of the table

was another smiling face, behind which huskily wagged a thickened tongue. Mr. Jill had not been home to dinner.

Midnight looked in upon the same dining-room, and beheld a scene similar to the above in that the double rows of wine-glasses remained, but the faces were grinning widely and the tongue at the other end was dumb.

One o'clock went several blocks out of its way to inquire what was the uproar in the St. Patrick's dining-hall. The company had just finished singing "We won't go home till (hic) morning" with great enthusiasm, while Mr. Jill beat time on the table with the castor.

Two o'clock turned aside in its journey to note the ungovernable delight with which Mr. Jill was greeted in his response to the toast, "Our Guest."

"Gemmen," observed Mr. Jill, as he balanced himself by the back of his chair: "thish ish a (hic) proudoccasion."

[Cheers and cries of "Hear! (hic) hear!"]

The orator bowed and continued:

"Our frien' hash been (hic) separated from us (hic) f'teen months, an' we greet him on-hishreturn."

Here the enthusiasm became so boisterous that the noise almost awakened Mr. Fogarty. When quiet had been in a measure restored, Mr. Jill resumed as follows:

"He hash re(hic)turned to our (hic) midsht. Long may he wave over (hic) ush. Zhe em(hic)'lem of the brave (hic) and free. We have (hic) fought, bled and died for it. Let'sh s'tain (hic) it f'ever—*E plur' (hic) bus unum.*"

Here the uproar passed all bounds, and as the orator sank back into his chair the guests joined in singing "The Star Spangled (hic) Banner."

Three o'clock peeped into the dining-room to observe what had become of the diners.

They were all there. Most of them under the table. The guest being favored lay on the table, his head pillowed on the cake-basket, while Mr. Jill was stretched out in his chair, his chin resting on his breast. The dinner was over.

At six o'clock the waiters entered the dining-room, raised the curtains, and proceeded to rouse the sleepers.

"Yesh, my dear," observed Mr. Jill, as a waiter rudely shook him by the shoulder.

"O'i'm not yer dear. O'i'm a waiter and yer druck," responded that functionary.

Mr. Jill opened his eyes, staggered to his feet, felt upon the table for his eye-glasses, placed them astride his nose, and peered about him in search of information. The bright sunlight dazzled him, the close odor of the room sickened him, and the remembrance of his previous night's orgie, coupled with an awakening sense of his marital responsibilities, made his head swell. Slowly he felt his way to the door, and stepped out of the room into the street. There a sight met his eyes that curdled the blood in his veins. High yellow mountains rich as gold rose before his vision like a miner's dream of wealth. Here and there a green peak stood out like a rock of emerald. Between the rifts in these mountain-tops he could catch glimpses of people moving and wagons passing, but so clouded and indistinct that they appeared shrouded in mist, like goblins. For an instant his mind seemed to give way with the force of his emotion. There was no doubt about it. He had gone crazy. His reason had fallen. He leaned his back against the building and tried to think. How long he stood there he couldn't tell. He was finally awakened from his stupor by the friendly grasp of a cabman's hand on his arm.

"I was thinkin'," observed that worthy,

kindly: "that p'raps you might be sick and a-wantin' to be drove to yer home, sorr."

"Home?" repeated Mr. Jill, vaguely, as if it were a new word to him: "Where am I?"

"Yer on Broadway, sorr."

"Broadway? You are not deceiving me, my good fellow? Now, don't play any tricks on me, I implore you; but tell me where I really am, and what is the meaning of those gold mountains in front of us?"

"There ain't no mountains hereabouts, sorr, and I wouldn't play no trick on yer for the world, sorr. Tell me where yer lives, and I'll drive yer home. Yer ain't well, sorr."

"I did live on Fifth Avenue," replied Mr. Jill, feebly: "but I don't know where I do now. My number was—oh, I can't read my number; here," he continued, handing the cabman his card: "read for yourself."

"All right, sorr," answered the driver, as he pocketed the paste-board: "Step into my keb, and I'll drive yer home in ten minutes."

Mr. Jill allowed himself to be led to the vehicle, and in a few minutes he was facing his own front door, whose bell the cabman had considerably pulled. One minute later he was sitting in his own parlor listening to Mrs. Jill.

"Sick?" repeated that lady, volubly: "I should think you would be after making a pig of yourself all night. Crazy? Well, what do you think of me staying alone in a chair all night waiting for you to come home? Brains gone? Well, I guess if you had any to lose there might be some danger. Strange sights? Well, I shouldn't wonder at it. You deserve to."

"But, my dear," stammered the now thoroughly sober man: "these strange golden mountains, this yellow atmosphere?"

"Yellow nonsense!" replied Mrs. Jill, sternly: "you can't play any such dodge on me, Mr. Jill, to win my sympathy, you wretched man. I guess if you'd wipe the cheese off your glasses you'd see all right."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

"What is bread made of?"

"Alum, plaster Paris. and sometimes a little flour."

"And of what is butter made?"

"Beef suet."

"What is cod-liver oil?"

"A preparation of cotton-seed oil."

"What are prunes?"

"Dried peaches."

"How is beer made?"

"Without hops."

"What is the destructive principle in tobacco?"

"The things the tobacconist puts into it."

"What is the chief cause of the increased death-rate?"

"The poisonous adulterations of innocuous medicines."

"What has most decreased the rate of suicide?"

"The adulterations of strychnine and other poisons."

"What is the only unadulterated thing in America?"

"The fool who thinks he is getting anything pure."

"Go up head."

There is a great deal of intellectual pabulum in sign-boards. To him who, in the love of business and mental growth, holds communion with these visible forms, the sign-boards speak a varied and fearfully punctuated language. The average sign-painter is born with the belief that when he paints "John Smith, Dry

Goods and Groceries," on the front of Mr. Smith's store, he must paint it in this guise:

"John, Smith, Dry, Goods, and, Groceries," Sometimes, however, he doesn't even put the comma after groceries, but permits it to remain an all comprehensive word, evermore looking out into a limitless eternity of measureless suggestiveness of unfathomable groceries. If the artist be a German-bred painter, he is prone to make his sign startling and thrilling in its very commonplaces—"John! Smith! Dry! Goods! and! Boots! and! Shoes!" fading away into the same dreamy, vague, dim and misty, unpunctuated outlook so much affected by his American colleague. If there isn't much room on the sign-board, the artist reserves most of it for his own name; he paints in nonpareil for his patron and long primer for himself:

"JOHN! JONES, Hardware BENJAMIN G. NORTH, Ptr."

If the merchant, being an economical man, has painted his own sign, he spaces badly and divides on any letter that happens to come handy, and startles the world with

WILLIAM W. WILLIAMSON, Well digger and cisterns

One sign almost invariably "throws" even the regularly ordained sign-writer, and his "mens' and boy's boots' and shoe's" is marvelously original in a dozen styles. Suppose you try it yourself and see what the proof-reader will do with your effort. But what I was going to say when I began this very extensive portico to a very small house was that recently I perused two signs that impressed me deeply. One is in St. John, New Brunswick, the gold-lettered sign of the firm "Wisdom & Fish." Hasn't it always been said that Fish is brain-food? Only in this sign Wisdom comes first. Should it not be Fish & Wisdom? The other I read last week in Chester, Pa. It is over a wagon-shop. I think—"Cain & Brother." Now, why couldn't they just as well write it "Cain & Abel?" It might not be correct, but it would be so Scriptural.—R. J. Burdette, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

AN INFERENCE.



"And what is that ring the poor creature has in his nose, hubby dear?"

"The wedding-ring, lovey dear."

BREATHES THERE a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said:

"This is my own, my Espenscheid

Straw hat, my solitary pride?"

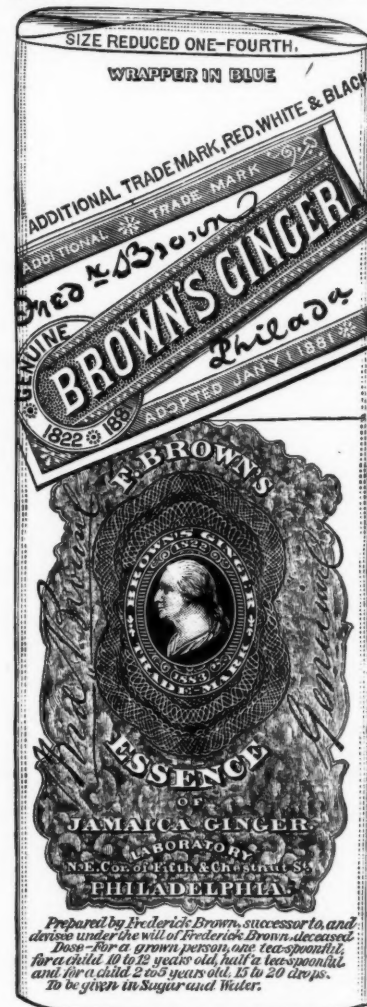
118 Nassau Street, New York.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Below is a fac-simile of the Bottle of

The Genuine Fred. Brown's GINGER,

SEE THAT STRIP OVER CORK IS UNBROKEN.



—FOR—
Cramps, Colic, Stomach-Ache,
Indigestion, etc.

AMERICAN GORMULLY AND JEFFERY'S CHALLENGE SAFETY IDEAL. SEND STAMP FOR 32 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE MANUFACTURERS. 222-224 NORTH FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



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Of any kind, send stamp to A. W. CUMPTON, Dayton, Ohio, for large illustrated list of New and Second-Hand Machines. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange. BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated. 132

COLUMBIA BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

THE POPE MFG CO.,

597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BRANCH HOUSES:

12 Warren Street, New York.

115 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 133



THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREHOUSES:
149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

NIEDER SELTERS WATER

(The Original German Selters).
Recommended by the leading European medical authorities for
its purity.
UNEQUALLED AS A TABLE WATER.

Beware of Imitations.
ANTHONY OCHS.
51 Warren Street,
Sole Agent for the United States. 130

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,
306 BROADWAY,
Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.
Importers and Manufacturers of
TOYS, FIREWORKS,
Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other
Material for Costumes, etc.

ANGLO-SWISS MILK.

CONDENSED MILK.
MILKMAID BRAND.
Economical and convenient for all
kitchen purposes. Better for babies than
uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere. 148

A SUMMER RESORT GUIDE

Sent Free. Address, A. V. H. CARPENTER, General Pas-
senger Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. 145

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



Beauty and Fragrance

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and
the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is re-
garded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It tho-
roughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring
the enamel. 120

12 "Daisy" Embossed Cards for scrap-books with our 48-page
illustrated annual mailed for 4 cents in stamps. **ETNA**
CARD CO., Box 2724, New York. 138



RUPTURE!

Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's
Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined.
Guaranteed the only one in the world gener-
ating a continuous Electric and Magnetic
Current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable,
Comfortable and Effective in curing Rup-
ture. Price Reduced. 50c cured in 1883. Send for pamphlet.
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TRUSS CO., 191 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

SHE read the valedictory; 'twas deep and analytic,
And scored a splendid victory o'er every carping critic.
But much I fear her logic clear and all her moods and
tenses

Were lost upon my listening ear and my enraptured
senses;

For when she talked of botany, and leaves and grass
and rushes,

I only saw the roses red that mingled in her blushes;
And when she spoke of history and turned its lamp-
stained pages,

To me its only mystery was what the dear girl's age is.
She wandered off on x plus z, on cubes and squares grew
flowery;

It set me thinking what might be the figure of her dowry.
So pondering down in the parquet, I'd set my heart to
woo her,

When she picked up a huge bouquet some other fellow
threw her,

Took out a note, blushed rosy red, smoothed all its pinky
creases,

When over my devoted head my castle went to pieces.
—*Providence Star.*

"La!" said a gushing sweet girl graduate
visiting in the Vale of Pochunk, as she gazed on
a stretch of orchard-trees in bloom: "La!
How pinkly sweet and deliciously, delicately
fragrant those apple-blows are! They enchant
one awfully!"

"Ya-a-s," said the honest farmer, who held
the deeds to the blooming acreage: "Them
blossoms is smellin' good; but, great Sprouts!
ye orter git a sniff on 'em in the Fall, arter
they've been 'stilled inter juice! Yum, yum!
Ten minutes with a gallon on 'em then is wuth
a hull month with an orchard on 'em now."—
New York Sun.

FOR MALARIA BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

This medicine quickly and completely cures Malaria and
Chills and Fever. For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude,
Lack of Energy, it has no equal. It Enriches and
Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, and
Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce con-
stipation—all other Iron medicines do.
The Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on
wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.



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MR. S. K. CHASE,

Of Chase's Market, Lowell, Mass., is frequently
called upon for information in regard to his
wonderful cure by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

He assures all inquirers that his testimonial is
strictly true. Here it is:—

"From my infancy I was afflicted with Scrofula. The
doctors pronounced my case incurable, and were of the opinion
that Consumption, induced by scrofulous poison in the blood,
would terminate my life. About five years ago I became so
debilitated that to do a day's work was an impossibility. I was
completely discouraged, when a friend advised me to try Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. I bought one bottle, took the Sarsaparilla regularly,
and began to improve at once. Continuing the treatment, I was
permanently cured—taking less than one dozen bottles in all.
The virulent sores, which had eaten through my neck in a
number of places, rapidly healed, and my strength increased
gradually, until I became a vigorous man, as I am to-day."—
S. K. CHASE, with I. M. Chase, Provision Dealer, 253 Merrimack
st., Lowell, Mass.

Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in
some cases, Emaciation and Consumption, result from a scrofu-
lous condition of the blood. The terrible poisons of this disease
can be eradicated from the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allay-
ing Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symp-
toms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and
other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin
Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally,
and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are
infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA,
50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL
CO., BOSTON.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TRADE MARK S.S.S. MARK

INDIGESTION CURED.

I suffered for more than five years with indigestion, scarcely
able to retain the simplest food on my stomach. I declined in
flesh, and suffered all the usual depression attendant upon this
terrible disease. At last, failing to find relief in anything else, I
commenced the use of Swift's Specific. The medicine toned up
the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that
burning ceased, and I could retain my food without difficulty. Now
my health is good, and I can eat anything in the shape of food,
and digest it without difficulty. Take the prescribed dose after
eating.
JAMES MANN, No. 14 Ivy St.

For sale by all druggists.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

"I Believe DR. TOWNSEND'S Remedy for
ROSE HAY-FEVER COLD
ASTHMA and CATARRH
will be sure in ninety cases in a hundred, and recom-
mend all sufferers to make a thorough trial of it."
H.W.BEECHER
Sold by all druggists. For Pamphlets send to
Dr. M. M. TOWNSEND, Cumberland, Md. 205

"MARION, you have been raised in such luxury that I am afraid your marriage with young Jackson will prove a great mistake. He will not be able to support you."

"Now, Lizzie, there is just where you are mistaken. If he can support a man effectually, he ought to be able to support a woman."

"Why, whom does he support? His father?"

"No. He's catcher in a base-ball nine. He supports his pitcher."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A FOUR-FOOTED bird, called *Opisthocomia cristata*, has been discovered in the Lower Amazons. Four wings would be more valuable to such a bird: They would enable it to get away from its awful name more rapidly.—*Norristown Herald.*

A LANCASTER lawyer gives as a reason for not going to Europe this summer that a rich client has just died, and he is afraid the heirs will get the property.—*Columbia Courant.*

A FASHION writer speaks of something entirely new in full dress costumes for ladies. The writer probably refers to modesty.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHOLERA, DIPHThERIA, FEVERS, MALARIA, prevented by the use of REED & CARNICK'S SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE (Disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER DISINFECTANTS AND GERMICIDES. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet, 182 Fulton St., New York.

To my Friends and Patrons:

One of my late employees, to whom I had kindly extended the privilege to put his name near my business sign, has issued a circular announcing the removal of his dental office, and has distributed the same among my customers, whose names he had gathered while in my employ. As I have been informed by some of my friends that they have thereby been misled to the belief that I had discontinued my business, I beg leave to state that my business continues as formerly, under the same management, and with skillful and thoroughly competent assistants.

Thanking you for past favors, I am confident of the continuance of your patronage, and remain,

Respectfully,

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess,
No. 162 West 23d Street,
Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

New York, 1885.

196

Behning Piccos

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.
WAREHOUSES, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

For Summer Wear.

Our New
SERGES, MOHAIRS, PLAIDS, CHECKS, and
DIAGONALS.

Finest Assortment in the City.

Suits to order from \$20.00
Pants " " " 5.00

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

Nicoll
The Tailor.

141 to 151 Bowery

and
Broadway & 9th Street,
Opposite Stewart's, New York.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

SOMETHING NEW! Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler and Tooth Brush,

Both sent to any part of the World on receipt of \$1.00.

And if not perfectly satisfactory in every case, the money will be promptly returned.
Ladies & Gentlemen who wish to quickly bang, crimp or curl the hair, beard or moustache by a new method, or to possess sound, white teeth and rosy gums, are invited to read the brief but interesting description of these new inventions.

Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances are now sold and well known in every part of the world, and are guaranteed by

50

CENTS EACH,
POSTPAID.

GREAT
ANNOYANCE

has been caused to all people using tooth brushes, by the bristles coming out in the mouth. The Pall Mall Electric Association of London, who now take pleasure in introducing to the American public a Tooth Brush which they guarantee free from this troublesome defect, common to all other Tooth Brushes. The bristles are inserted in the handle by a patented process, which renders it simply impossible for them to come out in use. In addition to this, the handle of the Brush is made of a newly invented material permanently charged with an electro-magnetic current, which acts without any shock immediately upon the nerves and tissues of the mouth and gums. The act of brushing causes this current to flow into the nerve-cells and roots of the teeth, and like water poured upon a plant, it invigorates and vitalizes every part, arresting decay, building up and restoring the natural whiteness of the enamel, and quickly producing healthy, rosy color to the gums.

THE PALL MALL
ELECTRIC
ASSOCIATION
OF LONDON,
ENGLAND.

50

CENTS EACH,
POSTPAID.

THE
LONDON ASSOCIATION

now offer to the American public their new Electric Hair, Beard and Moustache Curler. It is a handsome article, nickel-plated, with an ebonized handle, and it should occupy a place in the toilet of every lady and gentleman in America.

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled in any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Those who wear crimps or other forms of false hair will find this Electric Curler a very useful article. It does not break off and ruin the hair, like the ordinary crimping process, and in wet or hot weather it works as quickly as in cold. For curling the Moustache or Beard in a moment it has no equal, while it is so simple in its operation that any one can use it properly the first time. Directions accompany each one.

The handle is strong, beautifully polished, not affected by acids, impervious to moisture, and forever free from that unpleasant, musty odor exuding from wet bone handles.

THE ROYAL DENTAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND testify in the strongest terms as to the quick benefits following the use of this Brush, and many experts in dentistry declare it to be the greatest invention in dental appliances since the manufacture of artificial teeth. These articles are sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers; but if you cannot get them conveniently, remit us the price by Draft, Check, Money, Post Office Order, or Stamps, at our risk, and they will be promptly sent to any address postpaid.

AGENTS! (Either Sex) Wanted for Dr. Scott's Beautiful Electric Corsets, Belts, Electric Hair, Flesh and Tooth Brushes and Insoles. No Risk. Quick Sales. Satisfaction guaranteed. For Terms address

G. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Mention Puck

"I do so admire Tom Moore's Irish ballads," remarked Miss de Silva, the other evening.

"I have read translations of them," replied old Mrs. Badger: "but I suppose you read them in the original Irish."—*Daily Graphic.*

"WHAT is more disagreeable than an effeminate man?"

There are lots of things. The man who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself, for instance.—*Graphic.*

Hog cholera is said to be increasing, but no one would think that there was any great mortality if he could judge by the railroad trains.—*Boston Post.*

BUDDENSIEK in the State's Prison can build castles in Spain of bricks without straw.—*Philadelphia News.*

Making Money out of the Pedestal.

A recent subscriber to the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund gave \$19, and when asked why he did not make it an even \$20, explained: "By giving what I did I cleared just \$5. I had a touch of malaria not long ago, and in the ordinary course of events it would have cost me \$25 for a doctor's bill. I bought at my grocer's a bottle of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY for a dollar, and was speedily cured. So, you see, I saved \$24 by going to a grocer instead of a doctor, out of which I deduct \$5 as a premium on my sagacity, and the remainder I gratefully give to help Liberty enlighten the world."

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!
I shrank!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.
How to GET SICK. Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!



LEMONADE AND GINGER ALES.

PURVEYORS TO

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and all the Royal Family.

These celebrated beverages may be obtained of all wine

merchants, grocers and druggists, or from the factory,

52 WASHINGTON AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PERLE D'OR CHAMPAGNE

Dry and Extra Dry.

178 Duane St., N. Y.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.

Packages, 25c. Makes gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

FOR CATARRH, ASTHMA, HAY-FEVER.

Put under your head at night, and breathe its vapor till morning, the **PILLOW-INHALER**, charged with its liquid. You wake with a clearer head, with less disposition to irritate the over-sensitive lining of the nose, throat and lungs. Gradually the fires of inflammation are soothed, discharges and cough cease, pain gives place to ease, and in a short time you are a well person. No discomfort: perfectly safe; inexpensive. The treatment is called *prolonged or all-night inhalation*. Relief is quick, and the cure permanent. No matter what you have tried or how despairing you are, call and see it, or send for Pamphlets and Testimonials. **THE PILLOW-INHALER CO.**
25 East 14th Street, New York.

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

3 Printing Press Do Your Own Printing!
Card & Label Press \$3. Larger sizes \$4 to \$75. For old or young. Everything easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory, KELSEY & Co., Meriden, Conn.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

THE CIRCUS.

The circus (for I, too, a dead-head, penniless, yet full of blab, enter with the crowd, my brothers, to visit and promulge the great show.)

I sing, I say, and announce, I extend my bivalvular mouth, I exercise my lung attachment, and whoop up and proclaim the circus.

The big tent, the elephant, camels, clown, the red-faced man and his girl, saccharine, spooney;

The old man with his umbrella, and the old woman with her umbrella, the ubiquitous and perennial monkey, and I myself, whooping up my morning's romanza, strident, unique, a cosmos, a sturdy, divine angel, I, Walt, I love you.

Does any long-haired idiot get up to project the remark that the Circassian blonde is more divine than the seven-toed fat woman with the living skeleton husband?

Then I rush to inform him or her that he or she is not standing on his or her base, and I know it.

The elephant is just as divine as the two-headed girl with the squint-eye, and the young shark is just as divine as the old ape, and everything is first-class for the money.

I take all these things in, I yawp with unshut mouth, I chant and effund, I diffuse and throw off at my ease.

I button-hole the first man that I meet in the street, and exude and exhale my poem.

O circus, for all time, and long afterwards—in fact, for several years afterwards—you shall live in my song, my poem.

So long! —Walt Whitman, in *Lynn Union*.

A MAN in New York has invented a waterproof cap for the small boy to draw over his head while in swimming, and expects to be as rich as Vanderbilt within a few years. When a boy can go home from a swimming picnic with dry hair, he will think the day of jubilee has come; but if the New Yorker can attach a contrivance to his cap that will prevent the youthful bather from getting his shirt turned inside out while climbing over a fence, his sales will increase one hundred per cent.—*Norristown Herald*.

A COMMON PASSWORD—"The butter, please."

—*Boston Post*.

Ten drops of **Angostura Bitters** impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks and prevent all Summer Diseases. Try it and you will never be without it, but be sure to get the world renowned **Angostura**, manufactured only by
Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 11 to 11. —Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 800 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

BAUS PIANOS

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music
PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.

WAREHOUSES:

58 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA



DENTAL OFFICE OF

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess,

NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

The Kerner ERASER,

The most perfect Knife Eraser

ever invented. It is

unexcelled for

quality

It will last longer than a dozen of any other style.

Send for Circulars.

The Kerner Pen Co. 25 Bond St., N. Y.

BILIOUSINE.

A two-cent stamp sent to SNOW & EARLE, PROVIDENCE, R. I., will obtain by mail a "trial package" of Biliousine, thus enabling everybody to ascertain by personal experience and not by the testimony of others that there is a sure cure for Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Liver Complaint, and all diseases which arise from a disordered stomach.

AGENTS WANTED for a new patent combination shoe buttoner and hook for hanging hats, coats, umbrellas, &c., anywhere; great hit for curbstone men; carried in the pocket; full nickel plate; sample 12c. A. H. BUCKINGHAM, New Haven, Conn.

OPIUM

HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.



BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
PREEMINENTLY PERFECT PIECES, POEMS AND PICTURES FROM PUCK.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. Price 25 Cents.

Mailed to all parts of the U. S. or Canada upon receipt of price.



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STIRRING UP A FOUL NEST.
Secretary Manning Turns the Light of Investigation Upon the New York Custom-House.